

After Sunrise

By P. M. Wagner



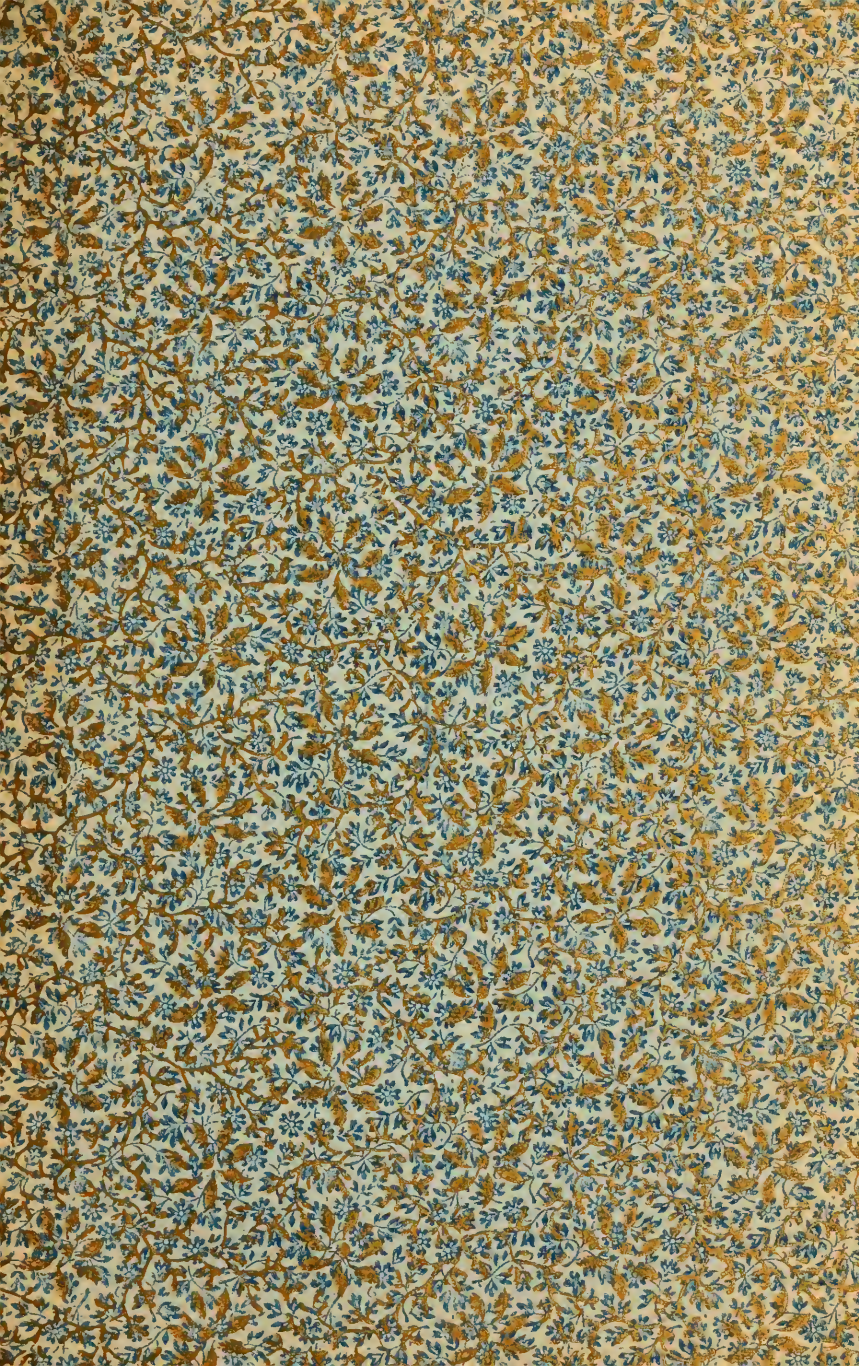


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AFTER SUNRISE



Sincerely Yours,

P. M. Wagner, M.D.

After Sunrise

or,

Second Attempts at Poetry

by

Philip Matthew Wagner

Author of "At The Dawn," Etc.



Published by
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New Philadelphia,
Ohio

DEDICATION.

To



Henrietta

TO THE READER.

The former products of the Author's pen having been accorded a kind reception, he again, with his natural sense of timidity, ventures out on the great sea of Literature.

This little volume is sent forth on its mission with "many a misgiving and many a doubt," but with the fond hope of a little seed falling here and there and springing up to somewhere and somehow light some benighted soul on the way of rectitude and truth.

P. M. W.

Canal Dover, Ohio, Aug. 20, 1909.

Educational Poems

A MYSTERY.

MEDITATION.

NATURE'S CALL.

TO THE TEACHERS OF TUSCARAWAS
COUNTY, OHIO.

DO NOT.

APRIL.

EIN BRIEF.

FAREWELL LETTER.

WHITTIER.

OUR JOE.

A MYSTERY.

Life is a mystery to me,
Uncertain too;
We're born, we live perhaps, to see
It's miseries, its woes' decree,
And then to do
What is our fate—to sadly sigh,
Breathe yet awhile, and then to die.

On childhood's morn we ope to light
Unclouded eyes;
We look about, see all is bright
That comes within our range of sight,
With varied dyés.
All nature's works are painted o'er,
From ocean's wave, from shore to shore.

Inquiring eyes, outstretched hands
Begin their work;
They fathom everything that stands
In places near, on distant strands,
And never shirk;
They are the instruments of mind,
Whose uses teach all humankind.

Thus education leads up higher,
From day to day;

It stimulates a fond desire
And kindles in the soul a fire
Whose embers may,
Imbedded deep, warm up within
And cause a greater growth begin.

A few short years, then childhood's days
And their delight
Have passed; no more their simple lays
Are heard; the childish form now strays
To greater might;
The days of youth have come to reign
O'er childhood's sacred, late domain.

The brain, the mind develop fast
In Learning's way,
As youthful minds are molded, cast,
So will they be when youth is past.
Great, or astray,
Which will they be? That all depends
On what great power itself commends.

Environment, heredity
Assert themselves
In various ways for mastery
In shaping man's great destiny.
'Tis truth that delves
Into the labyrinths of thought
With richest, purest knowledge fraught.

The pearls, the gems of greatest worth
Are garnered there.

Of honor bright, there seems a dearth
Among the fading things of earth;
Yet, everywhere,
The dormant germs of childhood's strife
Are springing into youthful life.

A few short years, then bids adieu,
The buoyant youth,
To balmiest days, no more to strew,
As only youthful hands can do,
The seeds of truth
To sprout and grow in minds mature
And through eternity endure.

The youth to manhood soon has grown,
Then seeks to find
The mysteries to realms unknown,
And finding, make them serve his own
To store his mind
With theories and truth profound
That soon shall o'er the earth resound.

His theories, perhaps, will meet
The skeptic's eye,
Who may resolve to bring defeat
By calling on all men to treat
Distrustingly,
All recent thought or theory,
No matter who the author be.

If truth is their foundation-stone,
His obscure name

From humblest sphere to gilded throne
Will rise and everywhere be known.

On heights of fame
His name shall rest, from there to spread
Its radiance o'er the skeptic's head.

'Tis truth divine upon which stands
The hope of man.
The mysteries of God's own hands
Are subject not to our commands;
Since time began,
Mysterious and changeless ways
Have marked and mark all Nature's lays.

From early morn upon which wakes
The wondering child,
Through busy youth, which ne'er forsakes
But freely of what's taught partakes,
Through undefiled,
Maturer years, a problem great
Confronts us with its looks sedate.

We try to solve it, but in vain;
'Tis mystery:
Through all our work we courage gain
To strive to reach that royal plane
Where we shall see,
And seeing, clearly understand
The workings of a Master-hand.

MEDITATION.

One night I sat before the open door
In meditation deep;
My thoughts sped o'er much ancient classic lore,
And volumes of the present's golden store
Which truth and learning keep.
The works, the fruits of brave incessant toil,
I saw implanted in productive soil.

The seed that was by hoary sages sown
In years long past and gone,
Since then to full maturity has grown,
Or has to realms of nothingness been blown,
As ought with much be done.
Naught but the best, the rarest of the rare,
Should man's or woman's meditations share.

Of shallow, silly, base and useless stuff,
The world now has too much.
If led by it, one soon must meet rebuff,
And then be led to cry, "O, 'tis enough,
Deliver me from such
And let me drink the draught serene and pure
That will through time, eternity endure."

Of beauteous things in literature and art,
The treasures of the past

Are little grains of sand, that play a part
In giving to the present age a start,
 And it is moving fast,
To form the rocks from which to chisel out
The images of truth, not fruitless doubt.

The rocks of virtue, truth and love
 Are indestructible,
And at the sculptor's will are caused to move,
As if directed by the Hand above,
 And not be cheerless, dull;
But to partake of all that is divine
And like the sun in noonday splendor shine.

NATURE'S CALL.

For all who seek the precious hidden truths
Which yet lie deep imbedded from the eyes
Of mortal beings, there are many joys
And pleasures; but the idle, listless minds
That dwell upon the fading things of earth,
Will disappointment see. Inquiring minds
And watchful eyes are seldom led astray.

Within the realms of Nature's gorgeous works
There is a gentle voice that whispers, "Come,
Come learn to think the richest, highest thoughts
That e'er can fill the mind of man. My store
Is inexhaustable; my teachings lead
To higher life, where peace, contentment reign
Supreme."

The rocks, themselves, huge volumes are,
Upon whose massive pages are inscribed
The records of the past. The history
Recorded there, can never be effected,
Nor e'er denied. Imprinted deep, its time
To fade will ne'er be known, will never come,
But for eternities 'twill stand, changeless
As He who rules the universe and is
The Father of us all.

The hills, the vales,
The streams that flow in their majestic course,
The water bubbling from the ground to form
The rivulets, the grass, the shrubs, the trees,
And e'en the meanest flower, the beasts and birds,
Yea, every living thing, instill our souls
With anxious thoughts and keen desires to know
What we shall never know, until the cares,
The trials, pain and woe of this brief life
Have all been borne, and we are summoned to
A brighter and a better world.

TO THE TEACHERS OF

TUSCARAWAS COUNTY, OHIO.

There are scores of pupils waiting
For the fast approaching hour,
When the bell begins its ringing
In the distant school-house tower.

Bright vacation's days are over
And the mind has had its rest,
Fertile fields, prepared for sowing,
Now are waiting for the best.

They are waiting, longing, yearning
To begin to think and toil
O'er the labors that shall fit them
As the pride of Freedom's soil.

From the youngest to the oldest,
They await the happy time,
When the bells once more shall call them
By their sweet, melodious chime.

With sweet faces, bright and cheerful,
With their hearts all free from care,
They are longing to assemble
In the courts of learning fair.

They are thinking of their teachers
Have for each and all in store,
That shall aid in their building,
And shall last forevermore.

They are planning for the future;
They are building day by day
At that great and mighty structure,
Made by God of homely clay;

At that mightier, grander structure
That for aye shall ever shine,
That each day grows stronger, brighter,
In the light and love divine.

But that clayey house must crumble,
And return to silent dust,
While the spirit takes departure
And then mingles with the just.

I have oft been set to thinking
What the true results will be,
When this mighty corps of teachers
Train the children of the free.

For the work imposed upon them
Is the noblest to be done.
There is nothing from the gloaming
To the setting of the sun,

That is higher, grander, nobler,
Than the training of the mind.

You may seek, but in your seeking
You will nothing greater find.

Not alone the mental training,
But the physical as well,
Needs attention from the teacher,
If his labors are to tell.

There's the moral nature also,
Needs true guidance from the start,
Else the evil will be ruling
What should be the better part.

If the body is neglected,
And the moral nature weak,
There will that which is immortal
Soon another dwelling seek.

For it has been clearly proven
That when morals are depraved,
They will wreck the mortal body
And the soul that should be saved.

Go, my friends, by God directed,
Teach the youth of Freedom's land;
Teach them to be true to country,
And by her to ever stand;

Teach them to be sons and daughters,
True to country and to God,
True to self and fellow-being,
Treading as our fathers trod;

Teach them to be up and doing,
For there soon on them will fall
The proud mantle of their fathers,
At the sound of country's call.

Guide, direct them in life's pathway,
Led by love of truth and right;
Then when comes the hour of parting,
All your record will be bright.

Seek, my friends, a crown of jewels,
For your labors in this life;
It will be a fitting tribute,
For your labor and your strife.

Leave, my friends, a noble record,
And receive without reserve,
Praise and honor, rightly meted,
From the people whom you serve.

DO NOT.

Do not chew, my friend and neighbor;
Do not use the filthy weed;
From the brutes now learn the lesson;
On it they refuse to feed.

Do not chew gum or tobacco,
For it ne'er was God's design
To have man himself to humble,
Or to chew a cud like kine.

Do not smoke. Had God intended
That man ever should so do,
He'd have formed him with a chimney
For the smoke to travel through.

Do not drink death-dealing liquors,
For they make a fool of man,
Kill his conscience, starve his children,
As there's nothing else that can.

Do not chew or drink, my brother;
It will wreck your mortal frame;
Its effects upon your offspring
Will be misery and shame.

See the weak and nervous children!
Ask you of all this the cause?

Nothing but the free transgression
Of kind Nature's changeless laws.

In the alms-house and the prison,
In the homes for imbecile,
In asylums for the insane,
Those effects are telling still.

Do not swear, for it is useless,
And good-breeding's want proclaims;
It is foolish, it is wicked,
And spreads darkness o'er your name.

Do not gossip, for the devil
Owns Dame Gossip for his wife;
She is ever watching, waiting
To create discord and strife.

Show her out your nearest doorway,
If she enters your abode;
Fill your mind with thoughts the noblest,
That all time can ne'er corrode.

Do not grumble, for the grumbler
Is despised by every one;
For him is too long the sermon,
Or too brightly shines the sun.

For him is too short the menu,
Or too dim the starry sky;
Oft the seasons and the weather
Are for him too wet or dry.

But the joys of heaven, my reader,
Will too perfect for him be;
To enjoy his graceful habit,
He must other regions see.

Do not shirk your humble duties;
There is always work to do;
Do it with a zeal reflecting
Praise and honor over you.

Do your duty, do it ever;
Let the world think what it may;
'Tis your duty to be fitting
For the bright, eternal day.

APRIL.

When the buds begin to open,
Then we know that April's here;
'Twas thus by the Romans spoken
Of this season of the year.

By the Anglo-Saxon people
"Oster" it was aptly called,
Which is but the month of Easter,
As in English 'tis installed.

By the Dutch the month of April,
For the grass begins to grow,
Oft receives the name of "Grass-month,"
As it did long years ago.

'Tis the month when we're permitted,
In some simple, artful way,
On our neighbors, while unmindful,
Many foolish tricks display.

EIN BRIEF.

Liebe Schueler:—

Meine Pflichten sind zu Ende,
Meine Arbeit ist gethan.
Huetet meine Lehre, Kinder,
Denket, denket oft daran.

Meine Lehre soll euch fuehren
Auf der Warheits schoenen Pfad.
Thut nur das was gut und loeblich;
Lasset jede bose That.

Laster bringt den Mensch zur Schande;
Tugend ist das schoenste Kleid.
Lebet so das Gottes Segen
G'leit euch hin zur Ewigkeit.

P. M. Wagner, Lehrer.
Zoar, Ohio, April 11, 1893.

FAREWELL LETTER.

(Translation of "Ein Brief.")

Dear Pupils:—

My duties are now ended,
And now my work is done.
O, heed my teachings, children,
And often think thereon.

In truth's great path of beauty,
My teachings you shall lead;
Do only what's commended,
And shun each evil deed.

Let virtue be your garment;
Vice brings to man disgrace.
Live to receive God's blessing
And win eternal peace.

WHITTIER.

There's a name on every tongue,
Where a song of Freedom's sung,
Thrills the soul like joy divine,
And for aye will ever shine,
Fills the heart with rapturous joy,
Like the heart of "Barefoot Boy."

From a humble farmer's home
To the poet's fancied throne,
To the legislative halls,
Where the voice of country calls,
To the plains of classic prose,
He in Quaker fashion rose.

From his pen flowed Freedom's voice
Which made many a heart rejoice.
Love and pity, scenes of home,
Whence all joy and comfort come,
Are embodied in his verse
That we often fain rehearse.

Whittier's is a noble name,
Free from blemish and from shame,
Fit to freely imitate
By the lowly and the great.
Where it points we all can see—
Bright and fair eternity.

OUR JOE.

That's our Joe,
Don't yer know?
He's bin off ter college
Gettin' lot's o' knowledge.
He's the smartest of our fam'ly,
An' does ev'ry thing so calmly,
Our Joe.

Yes, that's so,
That our Joe
Wants ter be a teacher,
An' each human creature
By his teachin' to inspire,
An' to lead them all up higher,
Our Joe.

All who know
That our Joe
Is a aimin' higher,
An' to draw all nigher
To the Maker of each creature,
Call him a young upstart preacher,
Our Joe.

Don't yer know,
In our Joe,

They are all mistaken,
At the work of shapin'
An' a moldin' minds so youthful,
He is noble, good an' truthful,
Our Joe.

Why, our Joe,
This I know,
Has a will the firmest
An' a mien the sternest,
But the kindest heart is beatin'
In his bosom, an' entreatin'
Our Joe,—

Prayin' Joe
To mercy show
To the playful mortals
Who, within the portals,
Are evadin' all the rulin'
He has made for proper schoolin'.
Our Joe.

It is so
That our Joe
Views the field of duty
As a realm of beauty,
An' is strivin' to enlighten
An' the dullest mind to brighten.
Our Joe.

Now, our Joe,
People know,

Is not merely guessin',
But his work's a blessin';
To his callin' he's devoted
An' is fast becomin' noted.

Our Joe.

I asked Joe
How to go
Through a school that teaches
How to make great speeches,
An' to reason like the sages
Whom we meet on history's pages.

Our Joe.

Then our Joe
Told me so,
If I'd be more steady
An' be gettin' ready,
I could get as good a learnin'
As he now is after yearnin'.

Our Joe.

"For," said Joe,
"All men know
That by perseverin'
An' the truth a-hearin',
We can fit for life eternal
An' a radiant home supernal."

Our Joe.

"If you go,"
Said our Joe,

“Without ever thinkin’
Or of truth e’er drinkin’,
Through this life in heedless manner,
Ne’er you’ll see true victory’s banner.”

Our Joe.

Patriotic Poems.

OUR HEROES.
LINES ON LINCOLN.
GEORGE AND MARTHA.
THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

OUR HEROES.

(Written for Decoration Day.)

It was in April, 'Sixty-one,
When Ruffin fired that rebel gun;
When crashed the rebels' challenge ball
Against Fort Sumter's granite wall;
When rose that mighty rebel host
To capture every Union post;
To cause much human blood to flow,
This Union great to overthrow.

"Secession," was the Southern cry.
"Maintain the Union, we must try!"
Was echoed throughout all the land
By many a loyal patriot band.
"Maintain it, at whatever cost,
Our Union never dare be lost;
Maintain her rights, this land so free—
This land of blood-bought liberty!"

Shall we permit to tear down
This great and glorious free-man's throne
For which our sturdy fathers fought,
For which they labored long and wrought
With nerveless hand and aching brow?"
But list to yonder tramping now!

The answer comes from gleaming lines
And where the polished bayonet shines.

Those lines contain both great and small.
They're bravely answering to the call
Of Lincoln's voice, for men to fight
For country, freedom and the right;
To guard, protect each loyal home
Whence joy and peace and comfort come;
To free the slave whom Freedom's voice
Would cause with thankful heart rejoice.

What means this wailing, piteous sound,
Those mournful tones which now surround
Our ears? It is a mother's cry;
She's bidding husband, son good-bye;
It is a sister's mourning tone
For father, brother who have gone
To fight for country, native land,
And for her cause to fall or stand.

The cry is hushed, and in its stead
We see them kneeling with bowed head,
Eyes full of tears; their voices rise
To Him who rules the earth and skies,
To ask of Him and Him implore
To lead them safely through the war,
And when their soldier's work is done
To bring them home, yea, every one.

That mother's and that sister's love
Were kin to that of God above,

For days and weeks and months and years,
Their prayers oft were checked by tears
They toiled and prayed, and prayed and
wrought,
While father, husband, brother fought
With courage bold, with might and main,
Our country's honor to maintain.

The war went on ; much blood was shed,
But honor crowned the patriots' heads ;
They faltered not when orders came
To put the Southern cause to shame ;
They wavered not when deadly foe
Advanced to force them onward go,
But on the foe, with shot and shell,
They made their thoughts and actions tell.

From Sumpter's Fort, where hope had
fled,
To Appomattox they were led
To see Secession's cause go down
And beg to wear the Union crown,
To float the stars and stripes once more
O'er every hovel, shop and store,
O'er every mansion, church and school
And let true peace and friendship rule.

What means that sound of marching feet
Which the attentive ear doth greet ?
'Tis welcome sound to cheer each home ;
The brave and conquering heroes come.

What means that solemn, saddened host?
The Southern cause forever lost.
This country now for aye is free;
The bond men now have liberty.

Where are those brave and gallant souls
For whom the mournful church-bell tolls?
On Southern fields where they were slain,
On many a reddened battle plain,
In graves kept green by loving hands.
In unknow graves in distant lands
They lie in sleep; the same bright sun
Shines o'er the mounds of every one.

The moon and stars their vigils keep
In silence o'er them while they sleep;
O'er some the ocean's billows surge,
The winds o'er others sing a dirge,
The grass grows green o'er many a mound
Of those who heard the bugle sound
Upon the fearful carnage-field,
Where they would rather die than yield.

It was for home and country's good,
They shed their loyal, precious blood.
No more they'll hear the fife and drum,
Or hear the tramp of rebels come;
But now enjoy the peace that's given
Around their Father's throne in heaven,
And there await their comrades all
Who answer their Commander's call.

Give honor, then, where honor's due
And o'er their graves sweet flowers strew,
And thus, while they in silence sleep,
Their names in fondest memory keep.
Strew brightest roses o'er each mound,
Where'er a soldier's tomb is found,
To tell in acts of sweet accord
True virtue has its own reward.

Bedeck their graves with lilies white,
Bright emblems pure as morning's light,
And as a token of brave youth
Let lilacs white now tell their truth;
And let the moss grow green above,
A tribute of maternal love;
Then for the men they fought to free
Let live-oak tell of liberty.

Let purple hyacinth reveal
The sorrow we can ne'er conceal;
Let myrtle green and violets blue
E'er tell for them our love so true;
Let due respect be paid to all
Who answered at their country's call;
For they have seen grim-visaged war,
But soon must pass to yonder shore.

Soon they will pass to yonder shore
Where they shall hear of strife no more,
Where war and tumult are unknown,
Where each shall wear a victor's crown,

And there reunite with comrades who
Before them made the journey through
And there await their friends to come
To dwell in their eternal home.

LINES ON LINCOLN.

In a home so bright, yet humble,
On the Old Kentucky shore,
There was born a man whose talents
Shall be watchwords evermore.

With a meager education
His great life-work was begun;
With a soul so true and earnest,
All his work was rightly done.

When our Nation's life was threatened
By Secession's fearful cause,
He was chosen as our leader
To enforce our Nation's laws.

In a firm, unswerving manner,
With his country's love at heart,
He performed the arduous duty
As a loyal patriot's part.

GEORGE AND MARTHA.

(Written for Feb. 22, '98—Dover Schools)

(Recited by Paul Rockwell and
Hazel Crites.)

George:—

O, Martha, I would like to know
What all these things may mean;
When we were here long years ago,
The like was never seen.

Martha:—

Yes, George, we truly realize
What we would ne'er have thought;
With the march of time new things arise
The past could not have wrought.

George:—

Just hear these boys and girls recite
And join in sweetest song.
It seems to be their souls' delight
Their country's praise prolong.

Martha:—

Yes, nobly are their tasks all done;
As these late days require.
Our great men's names seem everyone
With courage to inspire.

George:—

When we were here long years ago,
This day brought no one cheer.
Now, pray tell me why, if you know,
These folks have gathered here?

Martha:—

I have been told, since we have come,
They celebrate **your** birth,
Because you made their native home
The freest place on earth.

George:—

Not I. It was the men who fought
And followed my command;
But I am glad that Freedom's wrought
Deep on Columbia's strand.

Martha:—

Well, let it be as they may choose
To Freedom's sound prolong.
Let every patriot bear the news
And waft them all along.

Both:—

Let all who hear our words take heed
And live as all men should.
Do not be led by sense of greed,
But emulate the good.

THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

(Written at the completion of the Soldiers'
Monument, Columbia City, Ind., 1897.)

What means that stately granite shaft
 Within yon court-house yard?
It is an emblem placed to waft
 The love for battle-scarred
Throughout the realms of time,
 When those who fought to save our land,
 Have joined the bright celestial band,
In sweet, melodious chime.

'Tis placed within that court-house yard
In memory of our battle scarred,
 Who left their homes and kindred ties
 To put secession down.
 Though moved by friends' and dear ones,
 cries
 And by the love of home,
They bade farewell to one and all
In answer to their country's call.

'Tis placed for friends to look upon
 And valorous deeds recall
Of soldiers brave, who long have gone
 Where naught can them befall;

Where all is joy and peace ;
Where war and tumult are unknown ;
Where naught but love is ever sown,
And praises never cease.

'Tis placed to cheer the hearts of those
Who took up arms against the foes
On northern field and southern plain,
And on the ocean's wave,
Their country's honor to maintain ;
To free the tortured slave
From master's lash and servitude,
That 'gainst all true advancement stood.

Acrostics.

FATHER.
MOTHER
M'KINLEY.
DOVER PUBLIC SCHOOLS.
HELEN DE GRAIF.
CLARA STEITZ.
JESSIE ADAMS.
HATTIE GIBBS.
LUCY LEICHTAMER.
ARTA DAVIS.
ESTELLA SHAFER.
DELLA MARKS.
JULIA PETER.
BERTHA ANDREAS.
LYDIA S. WAGNER.



FATHER.

For the sake of man's salvation
And a way for him prepare,
There was born in humble station
He who died our sins to bear.
Ever since that joyful story,
Radiant, leads man on to glory.



MOTHER.

Many a child has learned the story
Of our Savior's lowly birth,
Taught by mothers who in glory
Happier are than we on earth.
Earnest truth still proves a treasure,
Royal, noble, and a pleasure.

M'KINLEY.

'Mong the greatest of all ages,
Chieftains, lords and wisest sages,
Kings and queens and counts and princes,
In our land there's one evinces
Noble manhood, truth sagacious,
Led not by designs rapacious;
Ever stands for justice firmly,
You all know him—'tis McKinley.
October, 1896.

DOVER PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS.

Down the slopes of life's great highway,
Over rocks and treacherous sands,
Very many souls are treading,
Earnest, fearless truth e'er spreading
'Round the willing learners' strands.

Proud the learner who can gather
Unto him the truest pleasure,
By the culture of his mind.
Labor is to him a treasure,
Idleness a woeful measure
Causing many grief to find.

Something seems to oft impel us
Choose the truth to lead us on,
Have stern duty often tell us
Of the course we have to run,
Of the places where our gleaning
Leads us on to higher meaning,
Such as in our schools is won.

As the greatest of all ages,
Nobles, kings and hoary sages,
Delved into the silent pages



CANAL DOVER HIGH SCHOOL.

To discover things unknown,
Having been for eons sown,
Earnest thought of modern days
Into action has been thrown,
Reading, searching Nature's ways.

Active youth and older student
Choose the way for them most prudent,
Hearing lectures, reading books,
Into crannies, sacred nooks
Ever peering for the truth.
Vital truth and moral worth,
E'er a treasure here on earth,
Mixed with energy and will,
E'er achieve the highest goal
Needed by the human soul.
Truth divine is guiding still
Schools of Dover up the hill.

HELEN DE GRAIF.

Hearken to that silent voice
Earnestly entreating,
“Live so that you’ll e’er rejoice;
E’er be bold when sin annoys,
Naught but truth repeating.”

Do what conscience bids you do,
Ere you’re hardened through and
 through;
Gently, truly it will guide you,
Righteousness will go beside you
As a boon companion true,
Into realms of beauty bright,
For there’ll be no clouds or night.

CLARA STEITZ.

Cheer the faint and heavy hearted;
Lend to them a helping hand;
Aid them to get rightly started;
Rightly have the truth imparted,
As a leader true and grand.

Show to all the path of duty;
Teach by action, word and deed;
E'er direct to realms of beauty
Into which we all would go
To secure the priceless mead,
Zealously we all would know.

JESSIE ADAMS.

Joyful hearts and happy faces
Enter into happy homes;
Speak the truth in proper places;
Shun the evil when it comes;
In them there's no place for coldness
Entertaining sin with boldness.

All the joys of life are fostered
Doing what is just and right.
All the tasks of life are mastered,
Making them appear more bright,
Surely, when God is our light.

HATTIE GIBBS.

Halos of God's love surround us,
As our faith grows strong and true;
Teachings false so oft' confound us,
That we scarce know what to do.
If we scorn them, then our way
E'er will be as bright as day.

Give thine ear unto God's teaching,
It is very clear and plain;
Be attentive to the preaching
By his servants; 'tis a gain
Saintly counsel to attain.

LUCY LEICHTAMER.

Live to be a noble woman
Under God's directing hand;
Cast aside what's only human;
Yearn to live at His command.

Live to be a fit example
Everywhere you e'er may be;
Into nothingness do trample
Careless thoughts that come so free;
Hope and trust in Christ our Savior
To the end of life's rough way;
All your actions and behavior
Mean far more than you can say;
Earn a name, not peals of laughter;
Rich rewards you'll have hereafter.

ARTA DAVIS.

Arm your mind with noble thoughts;
Ruin comes oft-times unsought;
Thought, degraded, with its wiles
Aims to please with treacherous smiles.

Do the right, cost what it may;
Ask not what the people say;
Virtue, honor, truth and right,
Into realms of radiant light,
Some poor soul may lead today.

ESTELLA SHAFER.

Eternity, eternity,
Shall we there ever happy be?
The life we live, the deeds we do,
E'en every thought this vain world thro',
Load condemnation on the soul,
Lead upward to a righteous goal,
According as they're false or true.

Shall we attain that peace and rest
Heaven possesses for the blest?
All faith and hope on Jesus built
For us gets pardon for our guilt;
Eternal joy, eternal peace,
Rewards will be for our release.

DELLA MARKS.

Do your duty, never ceasing,
Earnest zeal put forth with power;
Let your faith be e'er increasing,
Leading on, from sin releasing,
At each fast receding hour.

Many sins are daily rising
And encircling us about,
Reaching out in ways surprising,
Kindling griefs, not realizing
Sometime they'll be blotted out.

JULIA PETER.

Joy and sorrow oft' are blended
Upon pathways seeming dreary,
Leading us to thoughts commended
In those realms where none grow weary
And this earthly life's transcended.

People should be always striving
Everlasting joy to gain.
Truth engrossed upon our living,
Ever love and kindness giving,
Reaps rewards for all our pain.

BERTHA ANDREAS.

Be active in the works of life;
Eternity the scene will end;
Remember 'tis a constant strife
Till we are led to comprehend
How frail are all vain, earthly things,
And, then, how bright are heavenly
springs.

Admit as your own counsellors
Naught but the noble and the true;
Demand that your coadjutors
Refulgent deeds about them strew;
Entwine your brow with gems of love,
As shine with radiance from above,
Such as will guide you safely through.

LYDIA S. WAGNER.

Let the truth e'er guide you through
Youth and age what e'er you do.
Do the right, cost what it may;
In the end you'll gladly say—
"All to firmness, truth I owe
Safely to my home I'll go."

When the breakers o'er you roll
And you're sailing near a shoal,
God will guide you in the path
Never sailed by sin or wrath.
Endless joy and peace and love
Reign about His throne above.

Ohio Medical University Poems

O. M. U. SONG.

O. M. U. SONG.

A SENIOR "TROLLEY" PARTY.

MYSTERIES.

A REVIEW OF THE PAST.

O. M. U. DEAD-ROOM DIRGE.



OHIO MEDICAL UNIVERSITY
and
PROTESTANT HOSPITAL
Columbus, Ohio.

O. M. U. SONG.

All praise to Him whose name is Love,
Who showers upon from above
Such blessings as are naught but true,
Like great and glorious O. M. U.

Praise Him for every deed and thought
That such an institution wrought,
While opposition boldly stood
Against this instrument for good.

O, praise the men, through whom was done
This noble work, whose fame will run
Thorough all the world, and gladly strew
Sweet songs and praise for O. M. U.

In ev'ry land, in ev'ry clime,
Shout forth the sweet, melodious chime,
Till echoes answer, "O, 'tis true,
'Tis great and glorious O. M. U."

O. M. U. SONG.

All praise to God, who us has given
 An institution grand and true,
Whose agents have so wrought and striven
 To build and foster O. M. U.

O, Praise the men, the teachers true,
 Whose daily tasks are nobly done;
Praise all the work of O. M. U.
 And gladly, bravely help her on.

Let poor and needy, sick and sore,
 Hear of the news so good and true;
They'll loudly praise, yea, and adore
 All help that comes from O. M. U.

Let ev'ry student, ev'ry friend,
 Wherever may his home be found,
His earnest efforts ever lend
 To waft her name the world around.

A SENIOR "TROLLEY" PARTY.

(October 9, 1895.)

To the Class of '96 of the Ohio Medical
University, This Poem is Respect-
fully Dedicated by the Author.

O, list to me while I relate
A story good and true;
It happened in the Buckeye State,
And in Columbus, too.

Ohio's Capital is blest
With schools of ev'ry grade,
The peer of all here in the West,
Rose in the last decade.

The first three years of her young life
Were three most glorious years.
She prospered without inward strife,
And 'mid opponents' jeers.

The fourth was lately ushered in
By full three hundred strong;
They've all determined to begin
To move the world along.

A spirit of good will is met
Wherever you may go.
You're led to feel, and not forget,
The welcome they bestow.

Their welcome truly is complete;
Their work is thorough, too;
That all may God's approval meet,
Is hoped by O. M. U.

It was one fair October night,
In eighteen ninety-five,
Her Senior Class, with faces bright,
Joined in a "trolley" drive.

From O. M. U. they started out,
About the twilight hour,
And o'er the city took a route
To see all in their power.

To see? yea, truly, and **be** seen
As well as to be heard
In praise of all their work serene,
Long sought and not deferred.

Their hearts were light, their songs were
gay,
And cares they cast aside;
Their thoughts were free, made no delay
To take a pleasure ride.

“Electra” radiant came in sight
Upon yon viaduct,
And down the grade, amid delight,
Her steady course she took.

At Park Hotel, the anxious guests
Were all assembled there,
And with that peace which none molests,
They gathered in the car.

To Northwood they their course direct,
Amid the cheers of all;
Their fellow-students paid respect
By answering to the call.

’Twas “Rip, rip, zoo,” and “rip, rip,
zoo,”
That pierced the evening air,
“Vive la, vive la, O. M. U.”
Resounded everywhere.

’Twas sacred song, ’twas comic song,
Rose all along the line,
That caused the eager, passing throng
The meaning to define.

From Northwood to the south they moved
Then out West Broad they went
To gather in the one who loved
To work the one with penitent.

The Seniors now were well enthused,
And their professors, too.
The odd remarks which them amused,
Were most divinely true.

“In heaven above, where all is love,
There’ll be no microbes there.”
Bore down upon them like a dove,
And greeted ev’ry ear.

Next State street was the line intent
For many a verbal fray;
Their mental swords were rightly bent
To win a glorious day.

Though hooted at by students of
An antiquated school,
Those worthy Seniors towered above
All ancient “medic” rule.

While Rowles and Thompson each took
off
The “bottles from the wall,”
Some wicked boys began to scoff
At “Kindergarten” gall.

Their words led Seniors to exclaim
“O, Kindergarten dear!
We’re proud to shout thy noble name
So every one can hear.”

“We’re glad we’re gathered in thy fold
To gather truth profound,
And not in some concern so old
Where lectures stale resound.

“Those old, time-honored ways have
gone;
We’ve better methods now
By which our college work is done,
As true results will show.”

They hastened on to Fourth and Main,
With mirthful jubilee
Resounding far, then back again
As happy as could be.

From Fourth to Long they steered their
course,
Before the trip was done.
Though many a voice was now quite
hoarse,
There was no end to fun.

From Long Street they went back to
High
To stir the “Busy Bee,”
Where servants were prepared to vie
In cordiality.

’Twas there the journey came to end;
“Electra” went her way

With radiant lights, the Seniors' friend,
Remembered many a day.

Farewell, "Electra," now, farewell!
Your course was nobly run;
Those noble Seniors oft will tell
The good that you have done.

The "Busy Bee" now spread her wings
And welcomed one and all,
Then offered most delicious things
To please both great and small.

The Seniors and Professors took
Refreshments to their fill,
And talked of subjects in no book,
While Chapman paid the bill.

So time passed on, the feast was done,
And silence reigned supreme.
The silence broke, then toasts begun
From fertile minds to stream.

Prof. Adams first was called upon
To utter words of cheer.
He stated what had best be done—
That they his proxy hear.

His proxy there was Doctor Reed,
A man so full of vim,
Whose cheerful voice is fertile seed,
And truest wealth to him.

Then Doctor Wright, in words most kind,
Addressed the Senior Class.
His words were true, but brought to mind
That all must onward pass.

Yea, all must pass to realms unknown,
When life's short course is run,
And give account for seeds we've sown
And ev'ry deed we've done.

A few remarks now closed the scene
Of that eventful night.
Those cheerful hearts and thoughts serene
Expressed their great delight.

With pleasant thoughts for many years
That night they will recall;
Those thoughts may cause a flow of tears,
Whatever may befall.

The Senior Class will labor on
Until commencement Day,
When they the doctor's title don,
And sadly go away.

Yea, go away in sadness, true,
Their life-work to begin,
With kindest thoughts for O. M. U.,
And strive success to win.

Success will surely crown their brows
With everlasting fame,

And as their Alma Mater grows,
They'll magnify her name.

All will look back with joy and pride,
And speak of college tricks,
While honor, peace and fame abide
With gallant "Ninety-six."

SENIOR "TROLLEY" PARTY

CLASS ROLL.

Adel, E. E.,	Malone, W. R.,
Allen, S. L.,	Melick, J. W.,
Bainter, G. F.,	Mercer, W. D.,
Belau, Nettie A.,	Mitchell, F. M.,
Bonnet, A. O.,	Millikin, C. B.,
Barnes, H. F.,	Mealy, J. E.,
Brown, B. F.,	Monhank, R. W.,
Burson, A. L.,	Murphy, W. D.,
Combs, Mrs. R. V.,	Nessley, G. B.,
Coe, E. W.,	Onstine, W. A.,
Cole, C. C.,	Owen, W. A.,
Chapman, J. L.,	Paxton, E. G.,
Clark, A. T.,	Pierce, R. L.,
Dempster, A. C.,	Reinhart, G. M.,
Dennis, C. D.,	Rowles, T. H.,
Deaton, E. H.,	Riley, Edgar,
Dignan, W. J.,	Siegrist, C. H.,
Early, C. H.,	Smith, E. F.,
Fleming, W. E.,	Smith, Mrs. J. P.,
Griffis, F. C.,	Stitt, J. J.,
Harper, E. B.,	Stafford, F. P.,
Harris, L. J.,	Tootle, S. C.,
Jewett, C. E.,	Thomas, J. L.,
Jones, R. V.,	Thompson, C. W.,
Kreider, S. G.,	Thompson, Chas.,
Lemon, W. L.,	Wagner, P. M.,
Lindsay, O. W.,	Whitney, G. W.,
Luke, Z. V.,	Wilson, Ida M.,
Lackey, J. C.,	Wilson, Milo,
Marsh, H. H.,	Wolfe, John,
McCuskey, A. E.,	Young, E. Frances.
McOscar, J. R.,	

MYSTERIES.

(Graduating Poem, Ohio Medical University,
March 17, 1896.)

I.

There are mysteries unnumbered;
 There are pathways yet unknown;
There are fields where germs have slumbered
 After they had long been sown.

Many mysteries are brightened
 And are brought to light of day;
Many cares are often lightened
 As all doubt is cleared away.

Like the germs in silence sleeping,
 Till aroused to active life,
Are those thoughts that oft go creeping
 Into action, deed and strife.

'Twas a thought itself suggested
 In some fertile willing mind,
That if cultured unmolested,
 Would soon greatest favor find.

Soon that thought was set to action
 In the field of medicine;

Though opposed to foe and faction,
Nobly did its work begin.

In this world of strife and sorrow,
There are many whose delight
Is to hedge in ways most narrow.
Every action built on right.

But in spit of opposition
Steady growth did not subside.
For the cause of the physician,
Earnest thought will e'er abide.

Many doubters railed, predicted
Death would early close the scene,
But their falsehood is depicted
In its growth so grand, serene.

Silent thought has spread its branches
And has reared itself to view;
Long 'twill grow as time advances.
In the form of O. M. U.

To the weak and tender-hearted
Who would win a lauded name,
'Tis mysterious how she started
And attained such sudden fame.

But to us 'tis clear as crystal
Formed by nature's faultless hand.
Truth imprinted is not distal,
But is near to understand.

All the old and time-worn fancies
Were discarded in the start,
And a plan devoid of chances,
Now directs the better part.

In that age of plain **papyrus**,
When the books were very few,
When the writing was with **stylus**.
Lecturing was the thing to do.

But that age has long since vanished
Into regions of the past.
Many plans ought now be banished
With their disappointments vast.

In this age of books and learning,
Time is working wondrous change;
Students are no longer yearning
For those ancient ways so strange,

But are diligently seeking
For the newest of the new;
Everywhere you hear them speaking
Of the fame of O. M. U.

She has fairly won the laurels
That entwine her glowing name;
She so bravely shuns all quarrels
But maintains her rights the same.

Not alone her plans have made her
Rise so stately and so fair,

But her teaching force has stayed her
By its labor and its care.

Men of learning, men of power,
Labor with incessant toil,
Like the husbandman and sower
Plant good seed in fertile soil.

There are men who are not fearful
Lest a kindly deed they do,
But are ever bright and cheerful
And the pride of O. M. U.

They are willing, they are able
With their various themes to cope,
And those themes, it is no fable,
All embrace the widest scope.

By their teaching and exertions,
They their students well prepare,
So that out on life's excursions
They're successful everywhere.

Float your banners, Alma Mater,
In the sunlight and the breeze!
Guide your ships thro' deepest water
And across the briny seas!

All your students and alumni
Will to you be ever true;
You're a school we'll proudly stand by—
Great and glorious O. M. U.

II.

In the story of creation
We are told that all was void;
This gives food for meditation
Oft to be by doubt annoyed.

All was formless and in darkness
In the boundless realms of space;
Naught but God's own vision's sharpness
Could that awful darkness pierce.

At His will into existence
Millions of fair worlds He spoke;
Darkness, then, made no resistance
But its awful blackness broke.

Out of nothing He created
The vast, boundless universe,
And the earth, 'tis plainly stated,
He, in water, did immerse.

'Twas subsidence and upheaval
Separated land and sea;
Then came animals primeval
In their comely majesty.

Man was made to have dominion
Over every living thing,—
Free to form his own opinion
And himself contentment bring.

Long the story of creation
Has by many men been known;
Yet, in every land and nation,
Precious seed is being sown.

There's a story of a rising
In the course of recent years,
That to some is so surprising
That it fills their eyes with tears.

We will tell its hidden meaning
So that all will understand—
So that you need not go gleaming
In some distant, foreign land.

Word had spread to many a creature,
Never was there word more true,
“If in search of school or teacher,
Better go to O. M. U.”

This was strewn in proper seed-time
In a broad and fertile field,
So that, in the golden mean-time
It abundant fruit might yield.

On a bright and cheerful morning
In September, 'Ninety-three,
When all nature was adoring
Hill and valley, rock and tree;

When the autumn leaves were fading
And were turning sear and brown,

Many trains began unloading
Precious cargoes in this town.

All these cargoes were transported
To the halls of O. M. U.,
There to be with care assorted,—
Not an easy task to do.

Like the marble from the quarry
To the sculptor's skillful hand,
Came those students, none are sorry,
Much to learn, to understand.

From the city and the country,
From the various walks in life,
They had come to make an entry
Where the battle still is rife.

O. M. U. now oped her portals
To those diamonds in the rough,
For she knew afflicted mortals
All would need them soon enough,

Then she called upon her teachers
To their noble task begin—
To begin to mold those creatures
In the field of medicine.

Into dentists and physicians
Must those students molded be,
So that they might fill positions
Calling for proficiency.

Bravely did those fit instructors
Into realms of science dip;
They were now the sole conductors
Of the students' stately ship.

"Guide them cautiously and steady
O'er the paths they're treading now,
For they may not be quite ready
O'er such winding ways to go."

But such caution was not needed,
As was early recognized.
How this class instruction heeded
The professors much surprised.

They were ready, longing, waiting,
For the hardest kind of work;
Yearned to work without abating
And no duty ever shirk.

Time passed on, the term was ended.
When another term began;
Druggists with this class were blended,
With its widest field to scan.

They have scanned the widest regions;
They have been a mighty power;
They have won where other legions
Dared not stand a single hour.

They have stood firm and connected
In the darkest hour of trial;

They have had their rights respected
In a most delightful style.

By their great, incessant toiling
They have won the highest praise;
May success on them recoiling
Each to highest honor raise!

All those cargoes have been burnished
Till as brilliants now they shine;
They have been with knowledge furnished
That shall serve them thro' all time.

Three long years they've wrought together
In a sacred, common cause;
Now, may neither time nor weather
Bring to friendship true a pause.

They are fitted now for action,
But a debt forever owe.
Never can discord or faction
Shake their love for O. M. U.

Out upon life's stormy billows
They are being launched tonight.
On an abler set of fellows
Ne'er has shown a ray of light.

Long they've wrought in joy and gladness,
But they now forever part;
'Tis this thought that fills with sadness
E'en the stoutest, bravest heart.

'Tis the thought of parting grieves them,
For no more they all will meet
Till the hand of death relieves them
And their Maker they shall greet.

To the people of Columbus,
To their student friends as well,
To the teachers who have taught us
“Ninety-six” now bids farewell!

REVIEW OF THE PAST.

While thoughts and ambitions of many a man
Were seeking, proposing, debating a plan
By which they might quickly secure a great name,
With riches and honor and unending fame,
Some of us had chosen a pathway to go
That would lead us to seek, to perfectly know
The workings of nature, the truth that exists
Free to the senses, or enveloped by mists.
From highway, from by-way, from city and farm,
Wherever the beauties of Nature may swarm,
We gathered in season—our brave student bands—
And wrought with great manner, with hearts and
 with hands,
At the seat of learning, well chosen and planned,
And by competent men conducted and manned,
Who'd guide and direct us our college course thro'
And give us whatever they'd have us to do.
Whatever was given, was given to last;
We realize this in reviewing the past.

The first one to meet us was old Father Gray,
Who greeted us kindly and hoped we would stay
And often in hallway and classroom reune,
While anxiously waiting with him to commune.
He started us in with the structure of bones,

Which proved to the thinker much harder than
stones,
For ere we were through with the osseous system,
We often were led to stop and to listen
To hear some brave Freshman bewail and discuss,
Then stopping abruptly, soliloquize thus:—

It seems to me when God made man,
He used His utmost skill,
For when we try His work to scan,
It makes our pulses thrill.

Admirably His work was done
Upon the human frame,
But man himself had little fun
His various parts to name.

To form the head eight bones we find,
And fourteen for the face,
Each one arranged to firmly bind
Some other in its place.

The sphenoid and the palate bone,
The ethmoid bone as well,
Make many a conscience hard as stone,
When bound on them to dwell.

Foramina and lines and cells,
And fissures, grooves and spines
Cause students many weary spells,
While gas or day-light shines.

The spinal column is composed
Of four and twenty parts,
With cartilages interposed
To aid in sudden starts.

The ribs and sternum form a cage
To shield the lungs and heart,
Which should be free and not engage
Some sinful whim of art.

If womankind would exercise
A little common sense,
And not be led by fashion's cries,
Or every slight pretense,

Their every ills might then subside
And nature's laws be free;
So long as they those laws deride,
They'll pain and misery see.

The vital parts need oxygen
And movement free as air;
And 'tis a fact, some **things** called men,
Will foolish corsets wear.

The clavicle and shoulder-blade
Give to the shoulder form,
And by the one a fossa's made—
A fossa for the arm.

Below the humerus we see
Two bones that neatly glide;

The one the radius must be,
The ulna by its side.

To form the wrist, eight carpal bones
Are placed together there;
They have the form of pebble-stones
Which we see everywhere.

Five metacarpal bones are set
To form a single palm;
These by the phalanges are met,
As fingers of the same.

The pelvis is a solid frame
The body to uphold;
It has two bones "without a name"
And sacrum we are told.

The coccyx with the sacrum then
Articulates below;
These may unite together when
The bones no longer grow.

Innominates and femurs form
Two ball and socket joints,
Which often with bacilli swarm
At some infected points.

And next below the femur now
The tibia is met,
And by its side the fibula
So carefully is set.

As we our eyes in search direct,
A "chestnut-bone" we see,
Which is so placed to shield, protect
The ever useful knee.

In front of tarsal bones are placed
The metatarsal five;
The phalanges are interspaced
So that the toes may thrive.

Three little bones we'd most forgot,
Within the ear are found,
All so arranged and rightly set
To carry in the sound.

Now, all these bones make up the frame
Of sinful, mortal man,
Who many times has cause for shame,
But lives as best he can.

When life has fled, he's oft consigned
To aged Mother Earth,
And often his remains do find
A realm of greater worth.

And thus the whole course of anatomy thro',
The study of muscles and arteries, too,
Of the veins and of nerves,—You remember what
next,
Whatever was found in that noted old text;
For whatever there was came forth without stint,
But not anymore than from old Doctor Flint,

Or anyone who would his conscience forsake
And freely of knowledge so cautiously take,
That a physiology be the result,
Which of all science is to many occult.
Considering the functions of organs and cells,
There's nothing discovered that mentions or tells
What life is, whence came it, or whither it goes;
There's so much confusion it frequently throws
Our thoughts out of balance by problems so vast,
That oft makes us shudder in reviewing the past.

'Twas thus we started, peering meekly about,
With much of misgiving and many a doubt,
For fear that something might quickly arise
To rob one or all of our coveted prize;
For there were the acids and bases and salts,
With atoms and molecules threatening revolts,
With gasses and vapors not only a few,
Compatibles and incompatibles, too,
That chemistry deals with, to yet overcome,
Nor need we be thinking that all would be done.
Baccilli and cocci and other strange bugs
Pretending great friendship, yet dastardly thugs;
Some lethal, some harmless, some homely, some fair,
In man's short existence a portion all share
And must be considered before we passed on
The apparent long journey we'd started to run.
And 'tis now as 'twas then, time moves very fast
As we recall things in review of the past.

Time moved very fast in those glad college days,
When we schemed and we planned in various ways

To lessen our labors and still to get thro'
With what the grave faculty gave us to do.
Histology, pharmacy came in their turn,
Nor could we materia medica spurn,
For the physiological action of drugs,
Their making and dosage, the student oft' shrugs
His shoulders when thinking of things abstruse,
Are put by physicians to every day use;
And then with this subject there went hand-in-hand
The branch therapeutics, so we'd understand
On future occasion what course to pursue
And ever be ready to welcome the new
In treatment of cases, when science had proved
By clinics and reason, in accents unmoved,
Their merit and safety, their power to please
Unfortunate patrons in the cure of disease.
And we often stand now in wonder aghast
As these memories rise in review of the past.

When all the foundations were carefully laid
And the faculty saw all the progress we'd made,
They goaded us on and they loaded us down
With writings of doctors of greatest renown—
DaCosta and Osler and Anders and Flint
And all of those fellows whose Practise, in print,
And their theory, too, would do very well
Exalted opinions of students to swell,
But which experience must often reduce
By practical teachings and everyday use,
When out in the service, in sickness or health,
Achieving and earning fame, honor and wealth.
Diseases of children, obstetrics, then, too,

Were added in lessons not only a few,
And caused every student to worry and toil,
Exert every effort, but never recoil;
But when they added old Thomas and Munde,
We often were led to labor on Sunday.
Through all of this labor, we knowledge amassed
That we gladly recall in review of the past.

With Moullin and Hamilton coming apace,
We were rapidly nearing the end of our race.
The study of optics and aural effects
Were the subjects in course that followed then next;
But the thought that would now so oft manifest
Its fearful oppression, was that final **old test**
That students abhor, wherever they may be,
In high school or college, here, over the sea.
Incentive to action, the thought of our goal—
A license to practice on body and soul,
Alleviate suffering and comfort to bring
To afflicted mortals who ever would sing,
“All praise and all honor to every class
That from O. M. U.’s portals yearly may pass.”
The license was granted, our practice begun;
Each one a portion of his journey has run,
And feels the great burden he’ll bear to the last,
As he stops to reflect in reviewing the past.

O. M. U. DEAD-ROOM DIRGE.

While strolling one night thro' the college,
Near the dissecting-room door,
I listened to chatter of voices
And patter of feet on the floor.
"O, fellows! those merciless students
That O. M. U. has to drill,
Have found us and laid us on tables,
Thinking we'd ever be still."

Refrain:—

"O, Heavenly Father, have mercy,
And take our spirits to Thee,
For we're doomed as subjects of Science,
In spite of our piteous plea."

Cadavers were having a revel,
Midnight was drawing so near;
Yet I drew myself near to the door,
And stood each accent to hear.
"Make merry, make merry, O, fellows!
Though they our faces may peel,
And tear out our very parts vital,
As though we never could feel."

Refrain:—

"O, Heavenly Father," etc.

Their voices grew sadder and mournful,
As I was starting to go,
For they knew that the next night those
students
Would sure their bodies undo.
“O, this is the end of some mortals
Who tread earth’s pathway alone!
The rich have their graves made in splen-
dor,
The poor are given a stone.”



“O, this is the end of some mortals
Who tread earth’s pathway alone.”

Poems of The Heart

GOOD CHEER.

VISIONS.

WELCOME.

A LETTER.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE.

A NAME.

JUBILEE POEM.

IN MEMORIAM.

GOOD CHEER.

Out upon life's stormy billows
We are often tossed about,
But if we have faith in Jesus,
He will surely help us out.

He has promised to be with us,
When we are by sin beset,
And "by faith through Him that loved us",
We shall be true conquerors yet.

All about the conflict rages,
But we never need have fear,
If we own Him as our leader
Who each moment bids us cheer.

He will lead, protect and keep us,
Though the world may us revile;
He will be our joy and comfort
In the darkest hour of trial.

Let us, then, have faith and courage;
Let us labor while we may;
Let us seek who never knew Him
And who never knew the Way.

Let us seek the faint and weary
Who have fallen, yet are near,
Whom a single word of comfort
Would bring tidings of good cheer.

All have trials, tribulations,
But our banners are unfurled;
'Tis the voice of Jesus cheers us—
“I have overcome the world.”

VISIONS.

(During the sickness of the late Mrs. Samuel Wyant, she experienced such visions as gave rise to the following:)

Patiently a Christian mother
Bore disease and suffering,
Waiting for the final summons
To the presence of her king.

Husband, children, sisters, brothers,
Bade adieu to one they loved;
Then, as if by heavenly power,
She to actions grand was moved.

She beheld her angel mother
Who had gone long years before,
And with her had conversation
Of the bright eternal shore.

“Oh, my mother! now I see her
On the golden strands above;
She is waiting there to meet me
And to greet me with her love.

“See! within those heavenly portals
With outstretched arms she stands;

She is calling, 'Come, my daughter,
To these realms of golden sands.'

"I am coming, mother darling,
Out across bold Jordan's flood;
Bear me in your arms to Jesus
Who has saved me by His blood."

"No, my daughter," came the answer
From the land of pure delight,
"You must tarry, tarry longer,
Ere from earth you take your flight."

But the daughter, growing weary.
Said to her in yonder gate—
"Oh, I thought that I was ready
And need here no longer wait.

"Call two angels, mother darling,
To assist you bear me home;
I am ready now, and waiting
For the messengers to come."

But her pleadings were unheeded;
She must tarry yet awhile;
Through two days we watched her breath-
ing,
Then, at last, beheld her smile.

"Come, dear mother, let me kiss you"—
Then a sound so loud and clear,

Told they had a joyful meeting
In that land of boundless cheer.

Earthly joy and earthly sorrows
Were replaced by heavenly peace;
Mother, daughter had reunion,
And have joys that never cease.

WELCOME.

Parents dear and friends most true,
We are glad to welcome you
To this summer feast of ours;
To this feast of love and flowers,
Which to us comes once a year,
With its music, joy and cheer;

To this feast of praise and song
That shall move the world along,
From the love of senseless show;
From the ways of sin and woe;
Into paths diviner far
Than all earthly pleasures are.

Welcome to this sacred place,
Where we love our steps to trace.
On each blessed Sabbath day,
We our daily cares do lay
On the altar of our Lord,
As commanded in His Word.

Welcome all who seek to know
How to more like Jesus grow;
How to free themselves from sin;
How the heavenly goal to win,
When life's pilgrimage is o'er
And we're called to yonder shore.

God has given life and health
As a portion of our wealth.
What He gives we are to use
To His glory, not abuse,
So our lives forever may
Be a joyous Children's Day.

A LETTER.

Canal Dover, Ohio, Oct. 3rd, 1898.

My Dear Pupils:—

We've had a long vacation
Our weary minds to rest,
Whilst was adorned our station
With frescoes of the best.

Now, since we all have rested,
To God's house we'll return.
Our faith may oft' be tested,
But truth we'll never spurn.

Let skeptics vie with satan
God's word to overthrow;
By them 'twill ne'er be shaken,
But more in power grow.

It is the food that feedeth
The weary, hungry soul,
That strength and power needeth
To guide it to its goal.

Vacation's days are ended;
To Sunday-School return;
Let all our thoughts be blended
With His of whom we learn.

Let's all be in our places
On our next Sabbath-day,
With bright and happy faces,
To grateful homage pay.

IN MEMORIAM.

(Written for the Luther League Memorial service,
in memory of Miss Effie Trembly, January 3, 1897.)

In the noontide of youth the dread messenger came,
And to one of our members he quickly laid claim;
Thus while "Hope" was our watchword and "On-
ward" our cry,
He quietly came from the bright regions on high
And lovingly whispered, "Thou art weary, now
come,
For bright angels are waiting to carry thee home;
Thou hast truly been fitted for service of love;
Come, dwell now with Jesus in mansions above."
He tenderly whispered, then he touched her frail
form,
And quickly her spirit by bright angels was borne
To mansions eternal, from earth's toiling and care,
With heavenly beings their rejoicings to share.
Her friends and her loved ones who had not gone
before
To await her arrival on that evergreen shore,
Were left here in sorrow, yet rejoicing to know
That the works of her life have carried her through.
In the home they will e'er miss her bright shining
face,

For they long to behold her in her long wonted
place;

But 'tis vacant, and Effie no more will be there,
It will ever be vacant—that sacred old chair.

Her friends and her kinfolk will see her no more,
Till summoned to meet her on eternity's shore
Where she'll welcome them all when life's journey
is run,

And each one the allotted true labor has done.
In the Church and in League we her counsels will
miss,

And our Sunday school, too, shares our sorrow in
this.

For Jesus she ever was prompt, faithful to work,
And no duty we ever have known her to shirk.
Her labors are ended; she's at peace and at rest
In that fair home eternal, the brightest and best.
In Jesus, for Jesus she lived while on earth,
And now has rewards of inexpressible worth.

IN JESUS' LOVING ARMS.

(The following lines accompanied the floral offering to the late Effie Trembly:)

In Jesus' loving arms asleep,
While angels o'er her vigil keep,
 In peaceful rest,
 Hands on her breast,
She lieth free from earthly care;
Her spirit heavenly joys doth share.

In Jesus' loving arms asleep,
While friends in deepest sorrow weep;
 Their loss, her gain;
 She's free from pain,
While friends do wail with mournful voice,
She doth with heavenly bands rejoice.

In Jesus' loving arms asleep,
While down the shores of time so steep,
 We swiftly glide,
 Soon by her side,
Will mother, sister, brother, friends,
In Jesus' love receive amends.

For Luther League.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE.

I love to fight against the foes
Which everywhere arise,
And as my faith much stronger grows,
Work for a heavenly prize.

Bright jewels from above I seek,
Far more than earthly kind,
For in my Saviour, lowly, meek,
My firmest friend I find.

My enemies are truly strong,
And treacherous as well;
They try to lead me in the wrong,
And to eternal hell.

The hosts of sin plan every way
To tear my fortress down;
But in my fortress I will stay
To win a starry crown.

True honor, truth, and righteousness
Must all our weapons be;
Then will our lot be happiness,
And we'll our Saviour see.

A NAME.

Minnie Leichtamer:—
I hold within my little hand
A letter, as you see;
For thus begins the name of One
Who died on Calvary.

Mary Stutz:—
The next to form that precious name,
I hold within **my** hand.
That name to all most precious is;
'Tis noble, true and grand.

Mildred Belknap:—
Another le'ter here **I** bring,
That beauteous name to spell.
I love to do all in my power
Of saving grace to tell.

Edna Geckler:—
The letter "U" is next in line,
As you do now behold.
Christ seeks o save those who have strayed
So far, far from the fold.

Bessie Myers:—
The letter "S" completes the name
Of which you all have heard;

For 'tis recorded, as you know,
In God's own precious Word.

J - E - S - U - S .

All:—

'Twas nineteen hundred years ago,
Our Savior dear was born;
But 'tis today as it was then
That some His love do scorn.

Be joyful, then, all who profess
His wondrous love to share;
Hide not your light but let it shine
With splendor everywhere.

Rejoice and sing, as on that night,
In far off Bethlehem,
The angels sweetly sang, "Peace be
On earth, good will to men."

JUBILEE POEM.

(Written for the celebration of the semi-centennial of Grace Lutheran Church, Columbia City, Ind., April 11-18, 1837.)

Come near, my friend,
And kindly lend
You ear and concentrate your mind
Upon my theme.
It yet remains for man to find
What is that force or power called life.
What aids us in our daily strife
Remains unseen.

With searching thought,
Man long has wrought
In realms of deepest mystery,
To find some trace
Of what he e'er has failed to see;
Yet in the plant, within his frame,
In beings of whatever name
It has its place.

Yet all his thought
Has never brought
The satisfaction he desires;
When led to think

The object to which he aspires
Within his grasp, he must confess
That into realms of nothingness
It seems to shrink.

Whate'er it is,
He's not amiss
In calling it mysterious;
And though it be,
His conscience' voice so serious,
Commands him so to live that those
Who oft or daily round him close
Will rightly see,

And seeing well,
Their lives will tell
That they have been with Him who rules
The universe,
Who in His wisdom gave us tools
With which to unknown realms explore,
To learn to know Him more and more,
And truth rehearse.

Though finite man
May love to scan
And penetrate the works of God,
His weary eyes
Will oft retrace the ways he trod;
And many times he'll stop, reflect,
And then exclaim, "Could I expect
To be as wise?"

When he is done,
And sets his sun
To rise no more on this frail earth,
But on that shore
Whose realms are of far greater worth,
He'll realize from tiniest seed
May spring the most obnoxious weed,
Or loveliest flower.

Just fifty years ago, 'tis said,
A tiny seed was sown
In fertile soil, by loving hands,
Upon Columbia City's strands.
Since then the strongest gales have
blown,
And Satan's hosts cast many a frown
And tried to keep its forces down,
When it would rear its head.

The silent germ within that seed
Contained a vital force
Implanted there by hands divine,
(Whose will obey, then peace will shine;
If not obeyed, expect remorse,)
Which would in time begin to grow
And every sign of action show
In growth as well as deed.

The fertile soil contained the food
For proper nourishment.
The tiny seed began to swell;
Its actions soon began to tell

Upon what course it was intent;
A tiny blade at first appeared,
But looked as though it had been seared
And ne'er could do much good.

But God had planned another course
In which that plant should go:
That tiny blade took on a hue
Of living green and brighter grew
As the sun would shine and breezes
blow;
Its efforts all were daily blest
As it would try to manifest
Its latent vital force.

That verdant blade grew day by day
In beauty and in length;
When growing buds began to form
In daylight fair or fiercest storm,
They gained in numbers and in
strength.
The growth kept on incessantly
And promised a productive tree,
In many a pleasing way.

From buds sprang branches strong and
fair,
And those then others bore,
Until a large and stately tree,
With form as perfect as could be,
Our Heavenly Father to adore,

Had grown from out that tiny seed,
To fill Columbia City's need
And set its impress there.

Those branches, too, were richly decked
With brightest foliage,
Which in itself was recompense
To e'en the very keenest sense
Of child, or youth, or bearded sage.
It was the perfect evergreen
Whose like had never yet been seen;
Its growth could ne'er be checked.

Though living green that tree adorned,
A brighter luster shown
From sweetest, loveliest, sacred flowers,
To cheer these fainting hearts of ours
And teach us that we're not alone.
The tree then richest fruitage bore,
To keep us ever near that shore
That many oft' have scorned

Through winter's rough and chilling blast,
Through summer's raging flood,
Through listlessness, within, without,
Through many a skeptic's wilful doubt,
That tree has nobly passed and stood
For fifty years that tree has grown
And often has its seed been sown
For harvesting at last.

As years pass by the ripened fruit
 Is safely gathered home;
But some may falter by the way
And never see that happy day
 That for the just does surely come.
Whate'er life is, there is a change
That seems to all so very strange,
 Our daily walks must suit.

Those fifty years of earnest search
 And true untiring zeal
Have shown the way to many a soul
That seemed as lost, but was made whole,
 When they the Savior did reveal.
Those fifty years seem but a day,
In the dim and misty far-away,
 To this—Grace Lutheran Church.

IN MEMORIAM.

(Lutheran S. S. Memorial service, Columbia City, Ind., Dec., 1896.)

In the silent midnight watches,
In the fulness of the day:
God in tender mercy guideth,
In the true and proper way.

At the hour we least expect Him,
Whether childhood, youth, or age;
Comes Death's Angel with the summons,
Claiming child as well as sage.

Happy ye, if ever ready
To obey the Master's call;
Which will come, at night or noonday,
To the great as well as small.

In the happy days of childhood,
When all hopes were fair and bright;
When their chatter and their laughter,
Brought to home-life many a light;

When their rosy lives were budding
Into noble womanhood;
Which should ever be a blessing,
And an element of good;

When our Sunday School would miss
 them,

 Came the Messenger of Dea'h;
Claimed a loved one, Stella Killian,
 In the passing of a breath.

Rosa Aulton next was summoned,
 To join Stella up on high,
Where they'd e'er be free from sorrow,
 And not need for mercy cry.

They have been ere us promoted
 From this Sunday School below,
To the Sunday School triumphant,
 There to more like Jesus grow.

Though they've gone to brighter regions,
 And are free from pain and care;
We shall miss them, sadly miss them,
 In our school and everywhere.

In their homes a place is vacant,
 Which none ever can refill;
Come what may, those places ever,
 Will be Stella's, Rosa's still.



PARSONAGE AND GRACE LUTHERAN CHURCH, CANAL DOVER, OHIO.

Miscellaneous Poems

THE TRIBE OF HUR.

ME AND U.

CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

MENU.

TO THE STATENDAM.

CAPTAIN BRUINSMA.

A MESSAGE.

THE LITTLE BRICK SCHOOLHOUSE.

CLASS SONG.

CLASS ADDRESS.

THE TRIBE OF HUR.

March on, march on, O, Tribe of Hur!
Across the fertile plain,
Across high mountain, hill and vale,
Thy purpose to attain.

March on, march on, O, Tribe of Hur!
Thy chosen course pursue;
March on thy way with firm resolve,
Be steadfast, just and true.

Let Truth, Benevolence unite
With Honor as thy guide,
A motto worthy of the name
And as a source of pride.

Let Faith and Love and Righteousness
And true Devotion meet,
And thus the seven-pointed star
In majesty complete.

The star that led the three Wise Men
In old Judean days
Still points the way for everyone
Who Truth's great call obeys.

Let Truth divine e'er point the way
Through all the days to come;
Let perfect Love cement the ties
Of friendship and of home.

Protect the home and fatherless
Throughout our glorious land
When family ties are broken—wrecked
By death's relentless hand.

Put forth thy hand, thy strength reserve,
To keep want from the door;
Those who are left to weep alone
Will praise thee evermore.

ME AND U.

Ye hungry souls who here may dine
List to the words of grace divine;
Then wait a moment for a tray
That bears a bowl of consomme
And relishes for you to bite,
To whet your latent appetite.

Then let-tuce eat some choice spring lamb
And turkey roast with berry jam,
Asparagus on nice brown toast
And sherbet rare, our landlord's boast,
Tom-ate-O's fine before he knew,
And A C₂ H₃ O₂

And now you'll want a pleasant mead,
So that you can with safety feed
On early P's and apple-saws
To further please capacious maws;
The Pot-ate-O's, 'tis really true,
But that ought not to worry you.

With ice-cream, fruit and lovely cake
Our **Me and U** must stop,
Or you'll be led by some queer ache
To seek a doctor shop.

CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

Another school-year now we close;
Our course we've bravely run;
Our text-books, doubtless seek repose,
Until vacation's done.

Through autumn's cool yet cheerful days;
Through winter's chilling blast,
We labored on, mid blame and praise,
While schooldays flitted past.

We labored to foundations lay
And superstructures build,
That should be monuments for aye,
And not to only gild.

For gilt, you know, cannot withstand
The ravishes of time;
'Twill wear away as does the sand,
Or does the morning rime.

We have too much of gaudy show
On this Terrestrial ball.
Far better 'tis in Truth to grow
And list to Duty's call.

MENU.

Ye hungry souls who form this group,
Partake of some well-flavored soup,
With radishes and olives green,
To lightly fill the space between
The thanks of gratitude and where
Begins the proper bill of fare.

Then let-tuce eat the prime of beef
And what sometime was bound in sheaf,
Spring chicken roast and choice veal stew,
And A C₂ H₃ O₂,
Nor e'er forget that Tom-ate-O's
And dainty pudding e'er it froze.

More appetite you may now need
With pickled tongue yourself to feed,
And that you may your stomach please
You'll want a plate of early P's;
But be not shocked, so near the close,
On learning that the Pot-ate-O's.

With ice-cream, fruit and lovely cake
Our menu we'll complete,
But now to speak of stomach-ache
Would be too indiscreet.

TO THE STATENDAM.

(On board the Holland-American liner,
Statendam, Aug. 7, 1907.)

Sail on, sail on, O, Statendam!
Along a course most true;
Thy human freight will gladly greet
The Red and White and Blue.

Sail on, sail on, O, Statendam!
Plow thro' the angry foam;
Thy human freight waits anxiously
For Freedom's flag and home.

Sail on, thou proud, majestic boat,
O'er waters deep and wild;
May God direct thee on thy way
As He directs a child.

Thy keel, 'tis true, was firmly laid,
Thy superstructure, too,
And thy machines are nobly manned
By a fearless, steadfast crew.

O, great advance on ancient days!
Unhindered float thou on;
Sail on thy path across the deep
Until thy journey's done.

Rejoice, rejoice will all on board
To view their native land,
While friends most dear stand waiting there
To grasp them by the hand.

For grand reunions there will be
When the steamer touches shore;
While others must so sadly wait
But meet on earth no more.

Sail on, sail on, O. Statendam!
Plow thro' the angry foam.
Soon comes the time for everyone
To seek a better home.

CAPTAIN BRUINSMA

—of—

The Statendam.

(An Acrostic.)

On Board of the Statendam, Aug. 8, '07.

Come, listen, friends, while I repeat
A merited and heartfelt toast!
Prepared to meet what e'er's their fate,
To help when help is needed most,
A crew of men serve on this ship
In full accord, in unison;
Nor can a faithful order slip.

Bruinsma, Captain is the one
Reigns at the helm thro' calm and gale;
Undaunted courage must be his
In order ne'er to halt or fail;
Nor are his reckonings amiss.
So let us "toast" him as a man,
Mindful, careful—while we can—
As Captain of the Statendam!

Old ocean's waves roll proudly o'er
From Holland's coast to Freedom's shore;

Their rainbow tints, in colors grand,
Hues such as miss the artist's hand,
E'er lift themselves before our eyes.

Swells come and go, they fall and rise;
The stately steamer plows them through
Along her course, led by her crew.
The passengers with one accord
Enjoy their comfort here on board;
Nor has one word along our way
Denoted doubt or slight dismay.
A Captain guides, thro' Higher Power,
Merits the plaudits of the hour.

A MESSAGE.

(Dedicated to State Deputy M. D. Roche.)

'Twas in the heated season,
The month of last July,
There came with sharpened reason,
(On this you can rely),
Two men from distant cities,
With news they wished to strew
To everyone that pities
His loved ones good and true.

These two were Roche and Perry,
A royal, jolly set;
They were two men as merry
As ever we have met.
They walked about our city
And viewed it o'er and o'er,
Then said it was a pity
They had not come before.

They told the precious tidings
To everyone they met,
Till love from out its hidings
True sympathy had set.
What was it they were telling?
"The Woodmen of the World,

In charity excelling,
Their banner have unfurled.

“Come, march beneath our banner;
The march will do you good,
For you will be the gainer, ,
As you in justice should.
We’ll care for and protect you
In sickness and distress;
Our aim is to direct you
Through life’s great wilderness.

“Life’s pathway oft’ seems dreary
To many passing through;
They oft’ grow faint and weary
And know not what to do.
Life is to them uncertain,
And death soon all may end;
But what, when falls the cur ain,
Of those who on them depend?

“They’re left to want and sorrow,
Unceasing drudgery;
With dread of each tomorrow,
They’ll live continually.
That they may yet together
The soul and body hold,
To sin and crime, my brother,
Their virtues oft’ are sold.

“Come, then, and join our order,
The Woodmen of the World,

Then when you cross life's border,
To want will not be hurled
Those who to you are dearest;
Those who on you depend;
Show them you are their nearest,
Their truest loving friend.

“In sickness we'll be near you,
To comfort fellow-man;
In sorrow we will cheer you,
As only brothers can;
And when this life is ended,
And ear h your body keeps,
There'll be a shaft erected,
Where'er a Woodman sleeps.”

This message soon was heeded
By many worthy men;
'Twas what had long been needed
And longed-for, but in vain.
A camp in Canal Dover,
The Tuscarawas Camp,
Just list! The whole town over,
You hear their joyous tramp.

They have themselves protected;
Let death come when it may;
Their dear ones not neglected,
When comes that mournful day,
Will thankful be that father,
When the banner was unfurled,
Did not neglect to gather
With the Woodmen of the World.

THE LITTLE BRICK SCHOOLHOUSE.

As I was strolling o'er the hill,
 Across the hill from Zoar,
Along the road to Sandyville,
 As oft' I'd done before,
A little schoolhouse came to view
 In the green vale below,
Where Sandy Creek flows clamly through,
 With calm, majestic flow.

From South and west the hills o'erlook
 This Learning's temple fair,
While near it flows a babbling brook
 I often fain was near.
To east and north a beauteous vale
 In richest verdure dressed,
Could tell full well a wondrous tale
 Of schooldays unoppressed.

I stopped on what was Exline hill
 In those grand former days,
Which proudly stands majestic, still,
 As guardian of the ways
That lead to farmhouse and to town,
 And with reverting thought
Upon familiar scenes looked down,
 With pleasant memories fraught.

While thought sped back to 'Little Brick'
Of childhood and of youth,
I scanned the vale from hill to creek
And realized the truth
That time works wonders swift and
strange
In feature and in form;
Yet, childhood's lessons seldom change
In sunshine or in storm.

The woods that deck the hillside o'er,
The brook that babbles by,
Old Sandy's grand, enticing shore,
The dear old pond, now dry,
The gentle slopes to vale below,
The lawn upon which stands
The schoolhouse built so long ago
By patient, toiling hands,

All had a share in early days
In training girls and boys;
Each played i s part in many ways,
Through mingled tears and joys,
Preparing for life's trials and needs,
While steadfastly they trod
The life that up to nature leads
And up to Nature's God.

CLASS SONG.

(Written for the Class of 1905, Dover High School.)

Tune: "Dixie."

Class Motto: "Dig."

O, schoolmates, list! 'tis du'y calling
To the work that may be galling;
Then up! then up! then up and onward!
For long we have been taught and learning,
Nor have we the truth been spurning;
Then up! then up! then up and onward!
Proclaim the truth as taught us! Naught-five!
Naught-five!
Proclaim the truth as taught us!
Proclaim the pleasure brought us! Naught-five!
Naught-five!
Proclaim the pleasure brought us! Naught-five!
Naught-five!
Proclaim the truth as taught us!

For truth and right we take our stand
And let them always us command;
Then up! then up! then up and onward!
We'll aim the saddened heart to lighten,

Every dreary pathway brighten;
Then up! then up! then up and onward!
And reach the goal we're seeking! Then dig!
 then dig!
To reach the goal we're seeking,
To utter words worth speaking! Then dig!
 then dig!
And utter words worth speaking! Then dig!
 then dig!
To reach the goal we're seeking.

O, hear the call from yonder station
Calling us to serve our nation;
Then up! then up! then up and onward!
Our High-School has so well prepared us;
Health and vigor have been spared us;
Then up! then up! then up and onward!
Advance the cause of learning! Then dig!
 Naught-five!
Advance the cause of Learning
And naught but praises earning! Then dig!
 Naught-five!
And naught but praises earning! Then dig!
 Naught-five!
Advance the cause of Learning!

CLASS ADDRESS.

(Delivered to the class of 1901, Dover High School,
May 29, 1901.)

“All things change
To something new, to something strange.”

The beautiful and pleasant days of summer are with us, but nature is unceasing in her course and soon the beautiful, smiling scenes of summer must change to those of bleak and dismal winter. Instead of balmy breezes laden with southern perfumes, will come the icy blasts from northern seas. These changes remind us that there is no standstill in the course of human life. The beautiful days of summer recall the innocent days of childhood, when we were fondled and caressed upon our mother's bosom; when we knew not the sorrows, the trials, the tribulations of this life. But those days are gone. We can only sit and ponder over the realities of the past. But the past has taught its lesson and the present is at hand. Let the past, then, take care of itself, and while the present is with us, let us prepare ourselves for the future, else when the bleak, dismal days of manhood and womanhood come, as do those of winter, we will be wholly unprepared.

What means this preparation? I leave that for you to answer; but one thing is certain, we must look after the welfare of the immortal soul. In order to accomplish our aim, we must properly care for our mortal bodies, so as to make them fit abiding places for the immortal spirit, else it will prematurely take its departure with "that caravan which moves to mysterious realms."

"The home is the bulwark of civilization." There should be laid the foundation for perfect manhood and womanhood. Next to the home stands the public school, and if these two go hand in hand fulfilling their God-given duties, the future of our boys and girls is assured. But, alas! the public school of today is often thwarted in its design by the careless indifference and criminal negligence of parents. Instead of looking after the intellectual qualifications of their children, they worship the "Almighty Dollar." They permit their children to run about the streets contaminated with degradation and crime, instead of throwing about them the sweet mantle of home covered with a father's and a mother's love. Instead of raising their intellectual character by inculcating a fond desire for good literature, they permit them to devour the filthy dregs thrown together from the pens of lascivious and shallow-brained authors.

None but the best, the rarest of the rare,
Should man's or woman's meditations share.

Our minds and bodies are given us to use and

develop in ways of justice and usefulness. Unchaste literature and immoral thoughts will poison the mind and degrade its habitation. Lack of proper exercise will weaken the body, and excessive and improper exercise will so weaken or derange the organic functions that when the wintry days of life draw nigh comfort will be a misnomer and suffering the penalties of past follies a painful reality.

The Preacher in his wisdom said: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

We are all prone to accept the first portion of this statement without considering the latter. Thus too many people make their fatal mistakes, because they do not consider what the penalties, if any, may be. We live not for the present alone, but also for the future. We live not for ourselves only, but also for those about us. If we are stumbling-blocks to ourselves or our fellow-beings, the sooner our Creator removes us from this earthly career, the better it will be for those who have some purpose in life.

There are men of every nation,

Yea, and men of every race,

Who exist, it seems, for nothing

But to occupy the space—

Occupy the space of faithful,

Energetic men of brains

Who would prove to be a blessing,

And be free from guilty stains.

Young ladies, today you stand upon the threshold looking out into the future inquiring of yourselves what the world expects of you. Your High School courses are completed. You have done your best, and now you stand facing, not an ending, but the commencement of a battle with the stern realities of life. You have been learners, now you must teach. Much is expected of you, and I trust you will not bring disappointment to those who have labored so faithfully in your cause. Aim high and always do your best. More you can not do.

Remember that the world no longer needs simply physical power. That time in its history has passed. It now demands men and women of character and intellect—intelligent, God-fearing men and women, such as are willing and able to cope with the great battles and problems of life. “Character is higher than intellect.” “No circumstance can repair a defect of character.” Then guard well your footsteps, for vipers and scorpions are in your way. Temptations assail you on every hand watching in an unguarded moment to rob you of what you can never regain. Do not seek reputation at the expense of character, for that would be a fatal mistake. Character is what you are. Reputation is what people say you are. Reputation takes many through this world, but when the final summons comes, then compare the records of reputation and character.

And now, Miss Arta Mae Davis and Miss Elizabeth Mae Belknap, in behalf of the teachers and the Board of Education of the Dover Union Schools,

upon the completion of your respective courses, I present you these diplomas. Take them as fit crowning-wreaths of your successful work. Take them, and may you ever be worthy alumnae of Dover's pride—her Public Schools. Take them, and “when time shall have woven for each of you a silvery chaplet and the silent tomb shall open to receive you, it may be said of you that you have been true to yourselves, true to your alma mater, true to your country and true to your God.”

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